

11
not printed
SONGS,
DUETS, CHORUSES, &c.

IN

The Ward of the Castle.

A COMIC OPERA,

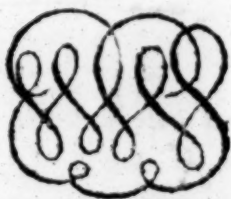
IN TWO ACTS.

Written by Miss Burke

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

1793.

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THE WARD OF THE GALLIES

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A COMIC OPERA

IN TWO ACTS

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

COVENT GARDEN



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. GARDNER, IN THE STRAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Alberossa, - Mr. JOHNSTONE.

Sir Bertram (a Knight) Mr. INCLEDON.

Geoffry ('Squire to }
Sir Bertram) } Mr. MUNDEN.

Matilda (Countess of }
Vergy) - - } Mrs. CLENDINING.

Jacquenetta (her maid) Mrs. MARTYR.

SCENE—*A fortified Castle in Normandy.*

DR. MATTHEW PEARSON

John C. A. [unclear] M. Johnston.

St. Bernard (Knight) Mrs. Ingham.

Geoffrey (Knight) Mr. Martin.
St. Bernard

Maria (Countess of) Mrs. Martin.
Vaux

St. Bernard (Knight) Mrs. Martin.

Source: The [unclear] of [unclear]

(5)

SONGS, &c.

IN

The Ward of the Castle.

ACT I.

SONG.

SIR BERTRAM.

TO love alone each pain we owe,
To love each fond relief,
What other power cou'd thus bestow
Alternate joy and grief?

To pierce with woe the feeling heart,
Or make it spring with joy,
Thou, wicked urchin, hast the art,
'Tis thine, thou filly boy.

B 3

SONG

(6)

S O N G.

To the Air—" *Ab per me !*" by GIARDINI.

MATILDA.

JOY ! thou dear precarious boon !
Soon we lose thee—ah, how soon !
Let me still, in Fancy's glass,
Catch thy phantoms as they pass ;
" 'Tis all of joy that I can know,
" 'Tis all we mortals taste below,
" Bright and blushing as the morn,
" Soon thy roseate wreaths are torn."

S O N G.

DUKE.

ENCIRCLED by the dazzling round,
In ev'ry look there's danger found ;
But thus retired from public view,
The rose of youth retains its hue ;
Nor flattery's breath, nor art deform,
The beauties of that lovely form.

[The Lines with inverted commas, are omitted in representation.]

AIR

AIR.—JACQUENETTA.

WOMEN for higher joys were meant,
 Than the smiles of each other can e'er
 impart,
 Leave them together, they'll but lament,
 Left quite alone they break their heart.

Then all their discourse is heigho!

MAT. (*joining*)——Heigho!

DUKE——Why so? Why so?

MAT. and JACQ.—Heigho! Heigho!

JAC.—Mens eyes were made for glasses
 bright,

To reflect the lustre of female grace;
 Take but away our proud birthright,
 And our blossoming beauties will fade
 apace.

Then in vain they may cry heigho!

MAT.——Heigho!

Duke——Go, go, go, go!

MAT. and JAC.—Heigho! heigho!

And in vain, &c.

AIR.

A I R.—MATILDA.—(*Giardini.*)

The hours were fleet,
 And moments sweet,
 When gaily spent with him I lov'd;
 Each day still prov'd his constant flame,
 The hours return! but not the same.

Since he is vanished from my sight,
 From me is fled all gay delight,
 With him I lov'd.
 Each day still prov'd his constant flame,
 The hours return! but not the same.

DUET.

D U E T.

MATILDA and JAQUENETTA.

WHAT joy to hear the tell-tale sound !

'Twill turn this little earth to heaven ;
Each toll will make our hearts rebound,
While slowly we count seven.

(Clock strikes slowly while they sing.)

Hark ! one—hush ! hush ! there's two—Old
Time says three ;

Alas, how slow ! how even !

Now, now 'tis four—now five, and then
comes six,

And now my heart strikes seven.

D U E T.

Sir BERTRAM *and* MATILDA.

Sir BERTRAM.

The fond impresson of my early days.
Still on my memory dwells,
Matilda's figure on my fancy plays.
And in my bosom swells.

MATILDA.

Soft as the breath of Southern gales,
Your gentle accents fell;

BOTH.

And fondly I believ'd the soothing tales,
Your flattering tongue would tell.

SONG

(11.)

S O N G.

To the Tune of—“ *I'll tell you a story that
happened of late.*”

GEOFFRY.

When I was apprenticed and learned my
trade,

With my row de dow, row de dow dero.
I took up the chissel and threw down the
spade;

Fal, lal, de ral, lal, de ral, dero.

But now with a shovel, and mattock, and
bill,

With my row de row, &c.
I work like a horse, or a thief in a mill,
Fal, lal, de ral, &c.

It is very fine sport to be fighting all day,
With my row de dow, &c.

And all night, like a mole, to be mining
away;
Fal, lal, de ral, &c.

But now all my art has been put to the
proof,

Row de dow, &c.

When I work'd through the vault, and cut
through the roof;

You repaid me with fal, lal, de lal.

C 2

DUET.

D U E T.

To the French Air—" *Adieu Cœur Moi,*

Sir BERTRAM *and* MATILDA.

One gentle smile,
Before we part, my love;
One gentle smile,
To calm my fond heart,

Farewell, farewell,
Farewell, my soul's delight,
Farewell, dear maid, (dear youth)
Adieu! till night.

DUET

D U E T.

GEOFFRY, *and* JACQUENETTA.

One roguish look
Before I go, my love;
One roguish look,
So, fo, fo, fo.

Bye, bye, bye, bye,
Bye, my pretty, pretty dear;
Bye, bye, bye, bye!
Old Guardian will hear,

END OF ACT I.

ACT.

A C T II.

S O N G.

MATILDA.

THE ring, you cry, "the ring,"
Yet blindly shun its rays,
What is that shining thing;
Which casts such dazzling blaze?

CATCH.

C A T C H.

“ *Let us all a maying, &c.*”

JACQUENETTA, DUKE, and MATILDA.

COME, let us all a wooing go,
And fondly our passion shew,
The wedding ring, and Parson bring,
And the Cuckoo in vain shall sing;
Tho’ fools may jeer, ne’er seem to hear,
But love renew from year to year.

S O N G.

To the Air—“ *Green grow the Rushes O!*”

GEOFFRY.

I.

THERE’S nought but care on ev’ry han
In ev’ry hour that passes O,
What signifies the life of man,
If it were not for the lasses O.

Then heigh for the lasses O,
Heigh for the lasses O

What signifies &c. &c.

For

II.

For you so wise, who sneer at this,
You're nought but silly asses O,
The wisest man the world e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses O.

He lov'd the lasses O.

III.

Old nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O,
Her prentice han she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O,

Then she made the lasses O.

(*A Persian Air*) MATILDA.

SONG.

(17)

S O N G.

GEOFFRY.

PARENTS must be ask'd, mama must consent,
Lawyers prepar'd with whole skins of
parchment;

With clauses, and pauses, and villainous
stuff,

Of jointure, remainder, and words full
enough,

With whereas, and likewise and where-
fore,

Besides, as aforesaid and therefore,

And twenty *et ceteras* to wind up the
whole.

A licence must then from the Archbishop
come,

The neighbours invited by beat of the
drum,

The parson, array'd in his cassock and band,
Joins this formal young couple fast hand in
hand.

Alas, the poor soul! alas, the poor
soul!

You, Bertram, take Matilda to wife,

To cherish her all the days of your life,

And twenty *et ceteras* to wind up the
whole.

D

TRIO.

II.

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(*A Persian Air*) MATILDA.

SONG.

(17)

S O N G.

GEOFFRY.

PAPER must be ask'd, mama must consent,
Lawyers prepar'd with whole skins of
parchment;
With clauses, and pauses, and villainous
stuff,
Of jointure, remainder, and words full
enough,
With whereas, and likewise and where-
fore,
Besides, as aforesaid and therefore,
And twenty *et ceteras* to wind up the
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whole.

D

TRIO,

T R I O.

DUKE, JACQUENETTA, and MATILDA.

DUKE.

Matilda, dear Countess, awake, let me
see thee,
The scene is all illusion,
My thoughts are in confusion,
Where shall my wonder cease?

JACQUENETTA.

Forbear, Sir, disturb not
My Lady's soft slumbers;
Believe me, such intrusion,
Will throw her in confusion;
Pray let her rest in peace.

DUKE.

Soft, let me the veil displace,
No further I'll disturb her,
Nor discompose her slumber,
Than just to view her face.

JACQ

JACQUENETTA.

There now, Sir, the mischief's done;
You've broke my Lady's rest, Sir,
You see how she's distress'd, Sir,
You'd best at once be gone.
No, no, no further disturb her,
But haste and be gone.

MATILDA.

How teizing, tormenting,
Such restless slumbers;
You break the dear illusion,
Make sweetest dreams confusion,
Oh! let me rest in peace.

SONG.

ATTENTIVE

S O N G.

SIR BERTRAM.

Twas love's bright flame my bosom fir'd,
At once my heart refin'd,
With valiant thoughts my soul inspired,
With dangerous deeds my mind.
To gain Matilda's heart I sigh'd,
Must be the meed of worth,
That heavenly form should be allied
To courage and to truth.

(21)

S O N G.

SIR. BERTRAM.

TO mirth, to friendship, and to love,
Let ev'ry heart respire;
And ev'ry pulse responsive move,
To fan the sacred fire.

CHORUS.

To Selima the health goes round,
To Selima the fair,
Let that sweet name the roofs resound,
And fill the quiv'ring air.

DUKE.

Your fair, return'd from distant shores,
Accepts the nuptial bands;
May Love, with all his blissful stores,
Unite your destin'd hands.

CHORUS.

To Selima the health, &c.

GLEE

G L E E.

To the Air— of *the Old Glee, from the fair
Lavinia.*

SEE the peaceful Queen of Night,
Liberal, lends her silver light,
While the trembling waters play,
Guides us o'er our devious way.

DUKE.

Arrest the vile crew—nor let them go free!
Seize, seize on their bark!

CHORUS.

Blow as the winds may, here we're free,
Then speed to our bark—
To the boatswain's whistle hark!
For pleasure guides our helm at sea.

GUARDS.

To the Syrens music hark!
'Tis the goddess that presides o'er the sea.



THE END.

